

DEATH REMOVES

One of Willsburg's Most Honored and Loved Citizens.—Mr. C. R. Cheatham, Died Last Sunday Morning.

Mr. C. R. Cheatham, one of the most highly respected and prominent farmers of Washington county, died at his home at Willsburg Sunday morning at 6 o'clock of stomach trouble, after a lingering illness of several weeks. Mr. Cheatham was sixty-six years old and had spent the greater part of his life in the community in which he died, where he was loved and honored by hundreds of friends. The deceased was a member of the Christian church at Willsburg, and was a devout Christian gentleman. Funeral services were conducted at the church by Eld. Walden Monday afternoon, after which interment occurred in the cemetery at that place. He leaves a wife and ten children, six boys and four girls, to whom many friends extend condolence.

OBITUARY.

Just as the first harbinger of dawn announced the birth of the new Sabbath, February 12, Death knocked at the portals of a happy home and claimed a life begun 66 years, 5 months and 25 days ago. Thus severing the first link in the chain, round the family hearthstone. So softly and peacefully did the summons come that only the Angels hearing the footfalls, chanted "Well done thou good and faithful servant." The deceased was married to the wife, who still survives him, forty-three years ago. To this happy union was born ten children, six sons and four daughters, all living, all grown and all members of the Christian church. For thirty-three years he had walked in the foot steps of the Saviour. He was a devoted husband, a kind father and a thoughtful friend and neighbor. He was an unusually sincere man. His life was useful, but unobtrusive, he abounded in charities, but that charity was free from ostentation, yet he was always with the foremost, to answer the cry of suffering or want. His friends were many, and kept close to him, because he possessed the happy faculty of making the outward a true reflection of the inner man. Such lives give to the world a moral fiber and integrity of purpose that wears and endures.

For many long months he bore his suffering without a murmur, but patiently submitted to the inevitable. He talked of Death as calmly as if going on a pleasure journey. All that loving hands and medical skill could do was done for him, but of no avail. His life was an ideal life, having no aspirations beyond his friends and his church. Such lives make old age a beautiful, sacred thing, and when in the eventide the summons comes to such as these, who shall whisper a word to keep the tired eyes awake, or put out a hand to detain the spirit from entering into that rest that only a life filled to the uttermost with love, charity and helpfulness can know. Our words are feeble to fill the aching void in hearts of the grief stricken companion, and weeping children. We can only point them to Him "Who doeth all things well." After brief service at his late residence, the funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Walden at the Christian church in Willsburg, Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, after which the remains were laid to rest in the Fairview cemetery. B. B. G.

Strange Suicide.

Paris, Ky., Feb. 13.—A strangest story of suicide comes from Ruddle's Mills, this county. Rufus Sharp, a young weak-minded farmer, died yesterday afternoon under suspicious circumstances after making a request that an autopsy be performed on his body by Dr. Keller. This was done, revealing the presence in the stomach of fifty-nine nails of different sizes, screws and pins. Sharp had been swallowing these articles at different times for a month, saying he wanted to commit suicide that way.

The autopsy was performed in the presence of eight reputable witnesses.

Can Dispense With His Aid.

(Owensboro Messenger.) There ought to be unanimous uprising against this ground hog business. The weather bureau is fully capable of furnishing the worst sort of weather.



An Interesting Groupe of the McElroy Family.

THIS groupe represents the late Anthony McElroy and children. Mr. McElroy was born near Springfield, Ky., on the 17th day of March, 1797, and died in Springfield on the 25th of September, 1886, aged 89 years, six months and 8 days. His wife, Ann Garland Rice McElroy, the mother of these children, was born in Virginia on the 17th day of February, 1807, and was left an orphan at two years of age. She was adopted by her uncle, Thos. W. Claybrooke and came with him to Kentucky in 1814. She was married on the 25th of November, 1824, and died at her home in Springfield on the 25th of October, 1884.

The children were all born in Springfield, five of whom have been citizens of the town all of their lives. Their names and ages are as follows: Mrs. Mary R. Hughes, widow of Dr. James R. Hughes, age 79; Mrs. Sarah F. Grundy, wife of Palmer Grundy, age 77; Charles R. McElroy, age 75; Hugh L. McElroy, of Kansas City, age 72; Anthony C.

McElroy, age 69; Mrs. Martha McDowell, widow of Samuel McDowell, of Danville, age 66; Mrs. Elizabeth McDowell, wife of Col. Nicholas McDowell, of Danville, age 64; William I. McElroy, age 62; Mrs. Susan Field, wife of Judge Emmett Field, of Louisville, age 69; and Colonel John Irvin McElroy, age 56. Their aggregate ages are 689 years, an average of 68.

The family are of Scotch-Irish decent, and among them were soldiers who fought with their kinsman, Robert Bruce. James McElroy, who married Susan McCune in Ireland, came with his family and the McDowells, McKees, McCampbells and Irvines to America in 1729 and settled near Philadelphia, and later moved to Virginia. He and his five sons fought in the French-Indian and Revolutionary wars. One of his sons, was killed in the battle of Kings Mountain and one was present at the surrender of Cornwallis. Several years after the Revolutionary war three of the sons having married daughters of Rev. John Irvine, came with their families to Kentucky. One of them, Hugh McElroy, the great grandfather, of this family, located near Springfield, and he and Gen. Matthew Walton, a Revolutionary soldier, surveyed, located and named the town. Anthony McElroy and his brother Hugh were among the pioneer merchants of the town. They commenced business on the last day of January, 1804, Hugh as clerk for Elias Davison and Anthony as clerk for James Hughes. In 1819 they commenced business on their own account with a capital of \$1,000, under the firm name of H. and A. McElroy, which continued in existence until the death of Hugh McElroy in 1877. Among the early associates of this family were the Bookers, Browns, Cosbys, Cunninghams, Caseys, Davisons, Grundys, Greens, Gaithers, Hughes, Hardins, Knotts, Lewises, McChords, Moffetts, Montgomeris, Nantzis, Plattis, Polins, Palmers, Rays, Robertsons, Smiths, Spears, Simms, Saunders, Thomases, Thomases, Thompsons and Whartons but few of whom are now living.

They were engaged in clearing land near Shawnee Run, in this county, for Hugh McElroy, the stepfather of the Rays. The two Rays and Shaws visited a neighboring sugar camp and were attacked by a party of forty-seven Indians, and William Ray was killed. James fled to Harrod's Fort, pursued by the Indians, and gave warning of the attack to follow, in which several of the Redskins were killed.

A Human Skeleton.

Harrodsburg, Ky., Feb. 13.—While digging a grave in which to bury the remains of H. H. Champion, who died near Shakerston, the workmen struck an immense rock, which was removed after several hours' work. Under the stone they found the skeleton of a body, which was probably buried there over 100 years ago. It is believed by many to have been the body of an Indian who was killed by the white natives during an attack in the year 1777, as it is known that several of them were slain at that time. In March of the year James Ray, his brother, William Ray, William Connes and Thomas

Shaws were engaged in clearing land near Shawnee Run, in this county, for Hugh McElroy, the stepfather of the Rays. The two Rays and Shaws visited a neighboring sugar camp and were attacked by a party of forty-seven Indians, and William Ray was killed. James fled to Harrod's Fort, pursued by the Indians, and gave warning of the attack to follow, in which several of the Redskins were killed.

Want The Shop Cleaned Out.

(Hancock Clarion.)

Nearly all politicians when forcibly shoved from the pie counter, as most of them are, firmly believe the dishes should be broken.

FAINT HOPE

That the Burley Growers Co. Will Yet Be Organized.—Mr. Stewart Sends a Telegram From New York.

A private telegram received in Springfield this morning states that Mr. Archibald Stewart, who is yet in New York representing the Burley Tobacco Growers Company, has not given up hopes of making arrangements to finance the deal. It says that he found one man in the city who is independent of the Rockefeller banks, and who has agreed to put up \$5,000,000 of the money. The telegram states that Mr. Stewart says this is positive and he believes the deal can now be closed. In view of other reports like this, which have come to naught, we will all be a little slow to give much credit to it. However, we can hope.

The Courier-Journal of yesterday says:

Cincinnati, Feb. 13.—New hope came to-day to those interested in the growers' big Burley tobacco corner. In a telegram to his family Archibald Stewart said he had discovered a financier in New York whose hands were not tied by Standard Oil. This man, he said, was willing to put up half of the \$10,000,000 required, and together they were making an effort to raise the other \$5,000,000.

If there is any disposition on the part of any of those who pledged their tobacco to The Burley Growers Co. to feel dissatisfied over their pledge they should console themselves by the thought that had the organization of the Burley Company never been agitated it is very probable that they would have got no more for their tobacco than they will now receive, and, then, too, they have helped their neighbor by becoming a factor in putting the price up. We are informed that since the announcement that the Burley Growers Co. had failed tobacco has dropped 25 cents.

Claybrooke-Smith.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph Stermen Claybrooke to Miss Cora Vernon Smith was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents in Bardonia to-day at high noon. Revs. Anderson, of Bardonia, and Williams, of this place, performing the ceremony, immediately after which Mr. and Mrs. Claybrooke left for Washington City and other points upon a bridal tour. The wedding was one of the prettiest home weddings that ever occurred in Bardonia, and was attended by the families of the bride and groom and a few of their closest friends. The bride wore a blue suit with hat to match, and carried bride's roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Claybrooke, upon their return from their trip, will remain in Bardonia a day or two, when they will come to Springfield, where they will reside. The groom is a member of the dry goods firm of Grundy, Claybrooke & McIntire, and is one of the county's most prosperous young business men. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Claybrooke, of the Texas neighborhood, and is well-known throughout the county. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, of Bardonia, and was one of that town's most popular and attractive young women. Their friends here and elsewhere extend congratulations.

Died In Texas.

Our Maad correspondent reports the death of Dr. Albert Johnson as follows: News has been received here of the death of Dr. Albert Johnson of Dallas, Texas; no particulars were given. He was an uncle of Mr. Hugh and Miss Alma Jones, of this place, and a brother of Robert and Asher Johnson, who died recently near Harrodsburg. The Doctor frequently visited his niece here. He was a very courtly old gentleman. He was a surgeon in the Confederate army during the late war and afterwards settled in Dallas, where he has since ranked high in both medical and Masonic circles.

Intelligence The Test.

(Emmence Constitutional.)

Instead of harrasing a man, from jury service because he has read the newspapers, the revenue ought to be the case. The man who does not read the papers ought to be harrased.

A woman died at Mahony City, Pa., at the age of 120 years.



A Tailor-Made Suit....For Same Money

The above lines are not a waste of words. They mean that a tailor-made suit of clothes will cost you no more than a ready-made, or store-suit
...out of better cloth.



NEW STYLES AND SAMPLES

A new, complete and up-to-date line of samples in the Clothing line has just been received from WANNAMAKER & BROWN, the greatest clothiers in America. This firm's reputation for putting nothing but the best on the market is firmly established. They make clothes for Presidents, Senators and Congressmen; they make clothes for thousands and thousands of people throughout the United States. They have built up a trade upon these three points:--

DURABILITY OF GOODS, FINE WORKMANSHIP,
PERFECT FITS.



NEW STYLES AND SAMPLES

Don't buy until you have seen my line of samples and get my prices. Keep these facts in mind: "You can get better clothes for the same money, or the same clothes for less money," by buying from me than you can by buying a suit from other people. And remember,

EVERY SUIT I MAKE IS
GUARANTEED TO FIT.

Lum Abell,

Springfield, Kentucky.

SOON DON STRIPES

Machen and Groff Brothers, To-
gether With 11 Negro Crimi-
nals, Taken To Moundsville.

Washington, February 7.—August W. Machen, the former chief of the entire free delivery system of the Postoffice Department, and the foremost figure among the officials, politicians and contractors indicted as a result of the postal investigation, and Diller B. Groff and Samuel A. Groff, both of this city, convicted in connection with the promotion of a letter-box fastener scheme, left Washington with a party of eleven other convicts for the Moundsville (W. Va.) penitentiary shortly after 6 o'clock tonight, to serve a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

The three prisoners, who had surrendered to the United States Marshal early in the day, spent part of the afternoon in the jail here, and were taken from there to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot in a carriage, accompanied by a guard. The men were placed in a special car which was attached to the regular night train for the West. All three were handcuffed. Machen occupied a seat in the car alone, while the Groff brothers were linked together by their handcuffs.

There were four guards, one remaining all the time at each end of the car. The three postal prisoners had a corner of the car to themselves. Occupying other seats in front of them were 11 negro criminals. None of Machen's relatives was at the depot to see him off, but a large number of friends greeted him, shook hands with him, and in several cases pledged their readiness to supply him money if he needed it. A letter-carrier, not uniformed, grasping his hand, said he had the sympathy of thousands of carriers. Groups of curious spectators were gathered at the depot.

A Touching Story

Is the saving from death, of the baby girl of Geo. A. Eyler, Cumberland, Md. He writes: "At the age of 11 months, our little girl was in declining health, with serious throat trouble, and two physicians gave her up. We were almost in despair, when we resolved to try Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. The first bottle gave relief; after taking four bottles she was cured, and is now in perfect health." Never fails to cure a cough or cold. At C. J. Haydon's drug store; 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Don't Go Together.

(Livingston Democrat.)

The farmer that hunts squirrels, talks politics and raises blackberries never has many fat cattle to sell.

...It's Up to You, My Boy...

There are two traits in life, my boy:
One leads to height of fame,
To honor, glory, peace and joy,
And one to depths of shame;
And you can reach that glorious height—
Its honors can be won—
Or you can grope in shame's dark night—
It's up to you, my son.

One trail is strewn with labor's flowers,
With sharp thorns here and there;
One leads thru' wicket pleasure bowers
That to the eye are fair.
One trail ascends, and day by day
You climb—you cannot run—
And one is down hill all the way—
It's up to you, my son.

At partings of the trails you stand,
At early manhood's gate;
Your future lies in your own hand—
Will it be low or great?
If now you choose the trail of Right,
When you the height have won
You'll bask in Honor's fadeless light—
It's up to you, my son.

(Denver Post.)

Stern duty guards the upper trail—
Exact obedience, too—
And he who treads it cannot fail
To win, if he be true;
But fickle folly, gay with smiles,
Rules o'er the other one
And leads to ruin with her wiles—
It's up to you, my son.

Appointed Sponsor.

(Harrodsburg Herald.)

Miss Gussie Robards has been appointed sponsor for the local camp of Confederate Veterans for the great Confederate reunion which is to be held in Louisville in June. She is a daughter of that imprudent rebel, Mr. J. Wesley Robards, and is at present holding a clerkship in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and is a charming little rebel.

Tit For Tat.

(Hopkinsville New Era.)

It is stated that if Gov. Vardaman, of Mississippi, refuses to attend the inauguration of President Roosevelt the President will retaliate by refusing to hunt bears in Mississippi any more. The Kentucky State Conference of Charities and Corrections, organized in Lexington in November, will hold its second meeting in Covington on February 21 and 22.

Deaths in Nelson.

(Kentucky Standard.)

Several deaths have occurred during the week. Those who answered the final summons were Mrs. Bottom, of Perryville, who resided with Mr. McPerryville, near town. She was aged twenty-five years and her death resulted from consumption. Mr. J. S. Hawkins, of Woodlawn, and Mrs. Frank Cambron, who resided near town on the Gilkey Run pike, also succumbed to the grim destroyer. The remains of Mr. Hawkins were taken to Mt. Zion for interment. Two or three colored people have also died during the week.

Will Plant 1,100 Acres of Rice.

(Elizabethtown News.)

Mr. Frank Joplin, who has been in Crolley, La., several weeks, returned home Sunday and informed a News reporter that he will about double his acreage in rice production this year and will plant about 1,100 acres this spring. There has been a rise of 50 cents on the sack within the past two weeks, hence the doubling in the output.

Nelson Boy Honored.

(Kentucky Standard.)

Mr. Frank Wells, of Bloomfield, has been named by Governor Beckham as the representative of the Nelson Normal High School at the inauguration of President Roosevelt March 4. This is quite a honor for the Nelson county school and especially Mr. Wells, who will be highly entertained at Washington during the inaugural exercises.

A Splendid Newspaper.

(Hartford Herald.)

Editor J. Rogers Gore is making his new charge, The Springfield Sun, a splendid newspaper in every respect. Well edited, neatly printed, and with its eight pages of all-home print, it ought surely to meet the requirements of every newspaper reader of Washington and adjoining counties.

Two men were killed by the explosion of a "dead blast" on the Chicago drain canal.

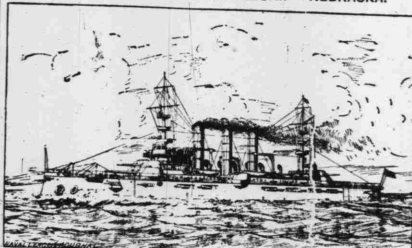
Springfield Roller Mills

Pride of Washington
Springfield's Choice
Solid Comfort

The above brands of flour sold by all Springfield grocers.

Springfield Roller Mills

NEW UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "NEBRASKA."



She was recently launched at Seattle, Wash., but it is not expected she will be ready for service before 1906. She carries the heaviest and most powerful armor known for vessels of her class.

The Best in Life and Accident Insurance is found only in

Travelers

Policies

.....Lowest Expense; Low Death Rate.....
.....High Interest Rate and Experi-
.....enced Management make her Pol-
.....icies Valuable, and her Dividends.....
.....the Largest.

SEE US FOR POLICIES
THAT YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND

DAVIS & SNIDER
DISTRICT AGENTS

Bardstown, Ky.

We Want Some Good Agents in Washington County.

SPRINGFIELD SUN



ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION, -- ONE DOLLAR.

(In Advance.)

J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Application has been made through the Springfield, Ky., postoffice for second-class rates.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 00.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months50
Three Months25

If in writing to have your address changed always give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

COUNTY JUDGE--B. L. Lister.
COUNTY ATTORNEY--T. S. Myers.
COUNTY CLERK--W. H. Baker.
REPRESENTATIVE--W. H. Claybrooke.
REPRESENTATIVE OF SENATE--J. W. Bash.
JUDGE--Geo. D. Calcutt.
ASSASSIN--T. F. O'Bryan, W. T. Mitchell.
DEPUTY--J. M. Montgomery.

THE PRESIDENT.

Since President Roosevelt locked horns with the great railroad magnates of the nation, and since he announces his intention of combating the trusts of the country, prominent Democrats in every State in the Union have been pledging him their support in the waging of a warfare, the success of which they know will be beneficial to the people. Members of all political parties ought to stand with the President so long as they believe his energies are directed toward the undoing of those things which are detrimental to the interests of the people. But there are some Republicans who do not quite understand the circumstances under which Mr. Roosevelt is making his fight; they do not seem to realize that he is rapidly gaining in disfavor with many of his party leaders--men who fought for his nomination with their money, men who fought for his election with their money. In other words the moneyed-interests of the country are lining up against him.

Democrats can not be accused of becoming followers of Mr. Roosevelt. There is no better way to refute such a charge than to invite a reading of the last Democratic and Republican national platforms. These two documents will tell which way the wind is blowing. Read them and you will find sufficient proof to convince you that Mr. Roosevelt has become a believer--in some of the important teachings of the Democratic party.

Commenting upon the Presidents course the New York World says: "At times it is difficult to tell whether President Roosevelt has appropriated Democratic policies or whether the Democratic party has appropriated President Roosevelt."

Abraham Lincoln said: "The

world is in want of a good definition of the word liberty. We all declare ourselves to be for liberty; but we do not all mean the same thing. Some mean that a man can do as he pleases with himself and his property. With others it means that some men can do as they please with other men and other men's labor. Each of these things is called liberty, although they are entirely different. To give an illustration: A shepherd drives a wolf from the throat of his sheep when attacked by him, and the sheep, of course thanks the shepherd for the preservation of his life; but the wolf denounces him as despoiling the wolf of his liberty; especially if it be a black sheep."

Now and then a Republican newspaper has the gall to throw out an intimation that the Democratic party will offer protection to the Hargises. Can these newspapers give a single instance in which the Democratic party ever offered protection to an assassin? Can they recall a time since the birth of the party when a Democratic Governor harbored in his State assassins--indicted murderers, who helped to concoct and carry out plans which brought about the foul murder of one of the greatest men of another State? Can they name a Democratic paper that solicits funds through its columns to defray the expense of another trial for a member of its party three times convicted of murder? If anybody can prove that the Democratic party has been guilty of any of these things the proof ought to be produced at once in order to give every good citizen who is a member of it a chance to take to the woods.

The man who spends his time in this world trying to DO RIGHT will go to the gates of New Jerusalem in tattered coat and patched trousers, but he will look through the windows of a star and see a thousand unprincipled scoundrels in hell who helped to make a rough road for him on earth.

Bigamist Hoch will doubtless have no trouble in convincing the public that "there's a woman in the case."

The Sun extends sympathy to editor Mattingly, of the Lebanon Enterprise, in the loss of his father, who died at his home at St. Marys Feb. 4. Mr. Mattingly was one of Marion county's most honored citizens and was loved by hundreds of people because of his kindly and charitable disposition.

The Standard Oil Company has suspended operations in Kansas because the Legislature recently enacted a law which was a little contrary to that company's way of having laws made. Every State in the Union might follow the example of Kansas with benefit.

Abraham Lincoln said: "I hold if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, he would have made them with mouths only and no hands; and if he had made another class that he intended should do all the

work, and none of the eating, he would have made them without mouths and with all hands. But inasmuch as he has chosen to make men in that way, if anything is proved it is that those hands and mouths are to be co-operative through life and not to be interfered with. That they are to go forth and improve their conditions, as I have been trying to illustrate, is the inherent right given to mankind directly by the Maker."

The Democratic party ought to rid the State Central Committee of Judge Hargis just as soon as possible. He stands accused of murder in its meanest form--assassination, and the party doesn't need the services of a man whose character is such as to place him in the shadows of crime. The Democratic party in Kentucky has too many good men, men who stand for law and order under all circumstances, to require, or accept, the services of a man who bears the reputation of a thief of the Breathitt county judge.

The people of Springfield and Washington county ought to give thought to the subject of the proposed electric railway. It would be an enterprise which would be of untold value to the town and county, and if there is a probability of the road being constructed we ought to join Mercer, Marion and the other interested counties in the efforts which they are making to interest capital in the project.

The following interesting, instructive and enlightening editorial appeared in the last issue of the Harrodsburg Democrat: "Wedding invitations at THE DEMOCRAT."

MAUD.

H. C. Royalty and W. R. Brown visited at their homes here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. R. M. Arnold is visiting her parents at Williamsburg.

Mr. Reed and granddaughter, Miss Susan Graham, of Sharpville, visited at the home of J. I. Royalty last week.

Miss Flora Stallard was in Bloomfield Saturday.

Miss Josie Shehan has returned home after a pleasant visit to relatives in Springfield.

Those on the sick list are Messrs. Ham and Pete Shehan, Mesdames Katie Shevmaker and Neale Bodine and Misses Anna Jones and Lillian Shehan.

Mrs. E. E. Wakefield is very much improved, after an attack of a grip.

Miss Mayme Neale spent several days last week with Miss Anna Jones.

W. D. Huston was in Bloomfield on business Saturday.

Z. C. and G. C. Andrews were in Louisville Thursday.

Miss Vergie Royalty spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Mary Wakefield.

Tom Dugan was in town Thursday.

Willie Brown spent Friday night with Earl Arnold.

Quarterly meeting was held at Camp Ground Sunday, last evening to the river being so high, not many were out.

Mrs. Sam Greer, who has been very sick, is improving.

Rev. Hobbs visited in this community several days last week.

Fire In Mercer.

(Harrodsburg Herald.)

The house of Jonah Gabhart, near Cornishville, burned last Saturday and none of the household goods were saved. This falls heavily on Mr. Gabhart, as he had no insurance on either house or contents.

CHARLIE McCHORD

For Governor--The Princeton Leader Believes He Is The Man For The Place, and Gives Good Reasons For Such A Belief.

The following editorial is clipped from the Princeton Leader of Feb. 18: Hon. C. C. McChord, of Springfield, and present member of the state railroad commission will more than likely yield to the urgent solicitation of friends from all over the state to become a candidate for governor. There is not a more competent nor popular man in the state than Charlie McChord, and if he enters the race will receive a hearty support for high position. In 1901 he was the state campaign chairman, and so well was his generalship that the Democrats carried every doubtful legislative and senatorial district in the state. In his last election as a member of the railroad commission he ran ahead of the state ticket several hundred votes in his district, which was due to his popularity with the labor vote, especially the railroad voters. It was through his efforts that "black ball" lists are prohibited in railway circles, which is a great thing for railway employees.

The black-ball lists referred to above was a sort of a blacklisting organization among railroads, and was used by many roads against discharged employees to prevent them from obtaining work from other companies after they had been discharged. Mr. McChord fought this organization in a manner which told, and every wage-earner in Kentucky will feel kindly toward the man who broke up this nefarious practice.

HILLSBORO.

It may rain, or it may sleet, But Old Hillsboro's hard to beat.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Bertha Miller is still very sick.

Very few from this place attended quarterly meeting at Mackville Saturday and Sunday, on account of the weather.

Several from here were in Springfield Saturday on business.

John Armstrong returned from Louisville last Thursday, after having sold several hogheads of tobacco.

Charlie Lewis, of near Valley Hill, spent Sunday night with Lucien Pinkston.

Sam Montgomery visited his sister in LaRue county last week.

James Oiler, of Booker, was in our midst last week looking after his tobacco interests.

This cold weather is quite severe on people who haven't plenty of wood cut. We extend our sympathy to those in need of wood.

John Shevmaker visited relatives near Perryville Saturday and Sunday.

Rufus Shevmaker visited in the Fenwick neighborhood Saturday.

Erastus Shields visited relatives near Tatham Springs last week.

It is a good time now for sleigh-riding and parties, as it is too cold to work.

No matter how cold the weather may be, we all look forward to Thursday for the Sun to gladden our hearts.

It is a welcome sight among its many readers. The story is read with increasing interest each week. Long may it live, is the wish of the writer.

MCINTIRE.

We are having real groundhog weather in this neck of Adams potato patch.

Miss Mary Walker and Cleave Hinton, of near Fredericktown, are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mannie Alvey spent Sunday at Chicago.

J. C. Ensor, of Springfield, was here last Saturday the guest of his father, J. B. Ensor.

Archibald, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Casie, is very ill at this writing, with little hope of his recovery. Mr. Casie and several other members of his family are also sick.

C. R. Whitley visited C. R. Clements last Friday.

Twyman Keene and Thos. Wheatley have returned from a trip to Louisville, where they bought three nice mares and one male, for which, we are informed, they paid \$440.

Mr. Keene also bought a very fine road-wagon at auction for \$45.

R. A. McIntire bought of J. S. McIntire a lot of corn at 50 cents per bushel.

Mr. Al. Wheatley, of Cecilville, was the guest of friends last week.

Miss Bessie Hill is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. A. Wheatley, at Cecilville.

Warren Nally, our obliging R. F. D. carrier, became entangled in the ice at St. Catherine's ford last Friday and was forced to get out into the water and had some trouble in getting his horse and wagon out. However, he delivered the mail as usual, being only a few minutes late.

VOTE

THE DOUBLE-STORE

GRUNDY, CLAYBROOKE & MCINTIRE.

Have just purchase two lots of Mill-Ends in White Table Damask. They run 2, 2½ and 3 yards to the piece, at 33½ per cent. off of regular prices. A beautiful lot to select from. Ask to see these goods--they are bargains.

Embroidery and Lace Sale...

Our Embroidery and Lace Sale is now on. We have a beautiful line of them--everything entirely new--prices are the lowest you will find anywhere.

5c CALICO...

Don't forget that we sell the very best grade of Calico for 5c per yard. Remember that we are offering very low prices on all.

Winter Suits and Overcoats...

A lot of odd suits to close out cheap for cash.

All Wool Blankets...

At a reduction of 33½ per cent. Several fine Buggy Robes at cost.

Our Rubber Stock Is Complete...

Please remember "THE DOUBLE-STORE" when in need of Dry Goods. We will treat you right.

Grundy, Claybrooke & McIntire,

THE DOUBLE-STORE Springfield, Ky. THE DOUBLE-STORE

LITSEY.

We haven't been able to get out much this weather and learn the news, but we know The Sun will get the news some way.

Our little village hasn't wanted for ice lately, but don't mention coal.

C. A. West and wife, of Louisville, are visiting the family of J. F. Gregory this week.

Mrs. Alice Thompson visited her daughter, Mrs. S. B. Thompson, Jr., of Springfield, several days last week.

Rebt. Thompson and Clifton Leachman attended the funeral of their uncle, Mr. Josh Adams, at Harrodsburg last week.

Edd Duncan and Miss Marcia Leachman, of near Springfield, spent Thursday with Miss Elizabeth Mae Gregory.

Hugh Noe and family, of Springfield, spent Sunday at the home of S. C. VanArsdale.

Miss Monie West, who has been visiting Miss Gregory, has returned to her home at Perryville.

Misses Nannie Pinkston, of Valley Hill, and Grace Lear, of Louisville, are visiting friends in our village.

Jim Thompson and E. J. Pinkston had a nice sleigh ride out to Williamsburg one day last week.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. Mary Hines, who has been ill for several weeks, is no better.

William Cheatham, who has been sick for several weeks, is improving fast.

Mr. Cheatham came very near losing a fine cow in a peculiar manner one day last week. The stock were eating around a straw stack when it suddenly turned over on one of the cows.

H. H. Tatum sold to Mr. Vest a nice mule for \$125.

Fred VanArsdale sold a nice bunch of hogs to the Fur Company at 4c.

BEECHLAND.

We join in with the tobacco growers in their sorrow about the association falling through, and we are like "J. R. G." millions of dollars works wonders. But let's keep up the good fight for the crop of 1904.

Three large eagles were seen on the river below the bridge last week.

Several from here attended the debating society at Hardesty Schoolhouse last Thursday night.

Howard Tatum was in Cincinnati last week on business.

B. D. Lake, of Springfield, was in our midst last week buying tobacco.

There will be a rush on the tobacco

market for the next week or two.

Merrill Vest is moving near St. Rose.

Miss Susie Edgerton, of near Hillsboro, visited at Mr. Jim Moran's last week.

MOORESVILLE.

News is scarce, but we will try and jot down a few items.

Mr. J. B. Hawkins died at Woodlawn last week of pneumonia, and his remains were interred at Mt. Zion. He was fifty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and five children, besides a host of friends to mourn his death. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Hobbs of Woodlawn.

The sale of the personal property of the late Jettson Lydanne was well attended and bidding was spirited. The household and kitchen furniture sold well, as did also the farming utensils.

Corn sold for 8c. Other sales were as follows: 1 cow, \$27.25; 1 cow, \$24.25; 1 one-year-old colt, \$50; 1 two-year-old mule, \$70.25; 1 sow, \$8; 6 shotes, \$2 per head; 1 two-horse wagon and harness, \$65.25. Butler Barlow was the auctioneer.

Joe Bishop delivered the Colie Grigsby crop of tobacco to the American Tobacco Co., Springfield, last Saturday. It weighed nearly 12,000 pounds and Mr. Bishop received 12½ a pound. He bought the crop from Mr. Grigsby for \$600.

If talk is to be relied upon there will be a tremendous acreage of tobacco put out this season.

Ben Crume and family left for Shelbyville, Ill., Saturday.

James Cull and family visited his father last week.

SHORT CREEK.

Nick Mudd, who has been sick for some time, we are glad to say is able to get again.

Colie Jones has sold his farm to his brother, Walter. Price unknown.

Colie will move to Louisville March 1.

Mrs. F. M. Hill is on the sick list.

Miss Inil Montgomery spent last week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fowler.

Sam Hall sold at 50c per 100 pounds of timothy hay at 50c a hundred.

H. Wimsatt and family will move to Louisville in a few days.

Sam Hall and wife spent one day last week at the home of J. Reynolds.

Mrs. J. W. Reynolds spent Saturday and Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. George Humphrey, near Woodlawn.

Character! Drug Stores Have Character!

BUY YOUR DRUGS HERE AND BRING YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS TO US

This one has a very high character for reliability. That is the chief end we have worked for. Prescriptions are entrusted to us in such great numbers, no doubt because of the "character" which our store enjoys among doctors and the people.

Haydon's Pharmacy

ESTABLISHED 1882

FINE LINE OF SICK ROOM GOODS

THE FIRST National Bank,

—OF—
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

CAPITAL \$50,000.
Surplus and Undivided
Profits \$25,000.

OFFICERS:
R. L. Lacey, President.
John W. Lewis, Vice-President.
C. C. McElroy, Cashier.
L. E. Cain, Asst. Cashier.
R. E. Foster, Bookkeeper.
DIRECTORS:
R. L. Lacey, J. W. Lewis,
Walter Green, F. M. Campbell,
R. H. Edles, H. M. Grundy,
Jno. O. Pugh.

We grant every favor consistent
with safe banking. If you have
not already an account with this
bank we invite your patronage.

Local News Notes.

Have you voted?

Rise 5 cents per pound at Jno C. Shader's.

Evaporated peaches and prunes at Jno C. Shader's.

Mr. John S. Buster, of Harrodsburg, will be here next week in the interest of the Harrodsburg Stock Sale Co.

Cash paid for furs; hides and feathers. M. H. Jones, Springfield.

Codfish and Mackerel at Jno. C. Shader's.

Lum Abell's advertisement in this issue of The Sun speaks for itself.

Monday night was the coldest of the season.

Pure country sorghum molasses at Jno. C. Shader's.

Are you quite sure that your horse and other stock are not suffering now from the severe cold weather?

Ed. W. P. Walden, recently called to the pastorate of the Christian church here, delivered his first sermons last Sunday morning and evening. Both discourses were unusually interesting and instructive. In the evening union services were held.

Mr. W. T. Leachman announces that he will open his genteel furnishing store about March 1. He extends an invitation to his friends to call to see him about that date.

Drs. J. B. Roberts, W. M. and W. W. Hyatt held an autopsy on the body of Mr. C. R. Cheatham at Willsburg last Monday, and they report that he died of gall stones catarrh gastritis.

The "Missouri Girl," advertised to appear at the Springfield Opera House next Tuesday evening, will not be played here on that date. The company finds it impossible to fill an engagement the previous evening in another town and reach Springfield in time to give a performance.

Highest market price paid for butter and eggs at Jno. C. Shader's.

The following stock sales are reported from Cardwell: W. L. Graham bought of W. H. Lay a fine jack last

week. H. J. Brown sold to Estel Catlett, an eight-year-old horse for \$55, and E. G. Holiday sold to Proctor Masters a mare for \$60.

For vegetables, fruits, candy and nuts go to Jno. C. Shader's, opposite court house.

This is a good time to "let your mind carry you back to the burning sands, dusty highways and other unpleasant things in the way of hot times hanging on to old July."

FOR SALE.—I have a good American Graphophone for sale. Cheap. W. P. LAWRENCE, Springfield.

Mr. W. S. Gibbs, of Willsburg, has returned from Lexington, where he attended the combination sale of J. F. Cook & Co. He reports high grade stock bringing good prices, but medium and lower grades not in much demand. Mr. Gibbs takes this as an indication that the public is learning that it pays to raise the best.

White fish 4 cents per pound at Jno. C. Shader's.

Last week in setting the advertisement of Dr. Hall's Texas Wonder, a kidney remedy, we failed to put at the head of it the words "Read This." Dr. Hall is one of the country's most extensive advertisers, and there are few men who use newspaper space, as liberal in their dealings with papers as he. He never makes trouble for the printer, and when a mistake occurs in his advertisement he notifies the publisher in a courteous note. We know nothing about the merits of his medicine, more than that he sells large quantities of it throughout the United States, but if its curative properties are anything like the man who compounds it, it has its merits.

Try our line of coffee, Old Honey, if you want something good. Jno. C. Shader.

Bring me your furs, hides, and feathers and get the highest market prices. M. H. Jones, Springfield, Ky.

Stiles & Collins bought at Bardtown last Monday two very fine three-year-old mules. They are 15 hands, three inches and are said to be exceptionally fine animals.

Owing to the absence of the State Treasurer from Frankfort, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction reports that the February salary due the teachers of Common Schools, can not be paid at present.

The contrary water motor which gave us so much trouble last week has been subdued, for the present at least. After quite a number of people had tackled it, and got "bested," Ed Lawrence, with the assistance of Ed Hardin, took the bulk out of the machine and she went to pulling like a seventeen-hand mule, and has since been running as nicely as a ball-bearing sewing machine. These two gentlemen never gave a motor before, but they put the water through this in a way that demonstrated their ability to make a thing take a drink whether it wanted to or not.

AN ESTRAY.—About October 15, last I took up as an estray at my farm, one mile and a half from Springfield, between Bardtown and Bloomfield pike, a light-red, dehorned heifer; will weigh about 450 pounds. Owner may have same by calling at my farm and paying for her keep and this notice.

W. H. MULLICAN.

Interest Daily Increasing

In The Sun's Popularity Contest.—Indications Point to One of the Most Exciting Contest Ever Conducted By a Kentucky Newspaper.—Many Votes Cast.

Each Day The Sun's popularity contest increases in interest. Last Thursday, Friday and Saturday voting was very lively. The bulk of the vote is being cast by people who come to the office and subscribe, but every mail brings in some votes. The contest promises to be one of the most interesting of the kind ever conducted by a Kentucky newspaper. There will be much friendly rivalry displayed on the part of the friends of the contestants, evidence of this having already developed.

The vote of the contestants this week is as follows:

Miss Robbie Simms.....	958	Miss Sallie Carrioe.....	100
Miss Lydia McElroy.....	614	Clayton Stallings.....	100
Miss Sadie Mayes.....	614	Thos. Prathers.....	52
Miss Lizzie Waters.....	302	Miss Stella Virgin.....	53
Miss Belle Hinton.....	282	W. S. Gibbs.....	501
Miss Fanny McElroy.....	281	Robt. McElroy.....	484
Louise Settle.....	200	E. S. Mayes, Jr.....	451
Miss Lula Merritt.....	172	Sam Nally.....	403
Miss Annie Claybrooke.....	152	Geo. West.....	277
Miss Nettie Elder.....	100	Fleece Bosley.....	204
Miss Mattie Whitehouse.....	50	Ed. Yocum.....	200
Miss Rose Osbourne.....	50	John Russell.....	50
		T. J. Trent.....	50
		H. R. Thompson.....	50

Personal Notes.

Visitors in and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Messrs. N. G. Marks and George Robertson spent Sunday in Lebanon.

—Rev. P. F. Hennessy, who has been quite sick, is improving.

—Miss Mable Tucker, of Valley Hill, spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Nancy Simms.

—Miss Bertha Haydon has been sick for several days.

—Mrs. J. M. Bevil, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lum Abel, went to Bardtown yesterday to visit Mrs. R. H. Edelen.

—Mr. G. E. Medley, who has been confined to his bed for some time of a severe attack of lagrip, is much improved and will soon be able to get out.

—Miss Jennie McCabe will entertain the euchre club to-morrow evening.

—Miss Mary Lewis has returned home from Louisville, where she has been visiting friends for several weeks.

—Mrs. L. H. Thurman spent a few days with friends in Lebanon last week.

—Miss Alma Spalding and brother, of Lebanon, will attend the euchre given by Miss Jennie McCabe.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McChord have returned home, after spending several days in Frankfort.

—Mrs. Leo Haydon and son, Lee, Jr., are on a several weeks' visit to her mother, Mrs. James Haydon, of Bardtown.

—Rev. J. C. Hoskinson is visiting relatives at Stithton, Ky.

—Mrs. H. P. McChord has been sick for several days.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Roland, of Bardtown, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Mr. J. J. McCabe.

—Miss Annie Mayes has returned home from a short visit to R. L. Durham.

—Mrs. T. S. Mayes is still confined to her room of lagrip.

—Miss Mable Williams, of Fredericktown, was here Saturday to see her mother, Mrs. Kate Williams, who is improving very fast from the injury she received last week while coasting.

—Miss T. Leachman spent Sunday in Lebanon with his sister, Mrs. J. B. Hill.

—Miss Florence Hamilton returned to her home at Fredericktown to-day, after a two week's visit to her sister, Mrs. J. L. Barber, who has been sick of lagrip for some time.

—Mrs. W. O. Roberts, of Hendersonville, N. C., is here to see her son, Robt. Roberts, who is ill of typhoid fever. He is improving at present.

—Mrs. M. W. Hyatt is quite ill at present.

—Mr. Edwin and Miss Fannie Smith entertained the Euchre Club at their home last Thursday evening in a most charming manner. The visitors present were Miss Kate Cain, Bessie Campbell, Florence Hamilton, Blanche Carrioe, Robbie Simms, Florence Edelen, Mr. and Mrs. Bothe Carrioe, Lieut. Read, Dr. Shaunty, Messrs. Evan Hagan and W. T. Leachman. The ladies club prize was won by Miss Myrtle Price, the gentleman's club prize was won by Mr. Will Robertson, the visitors prize was won by Miss Blanche Carrioe.

the consolation prize was won by Lieut. Read. After playing the usual number of games the delicious refreshments were graciously served by the hostess, assisted by Miss Margaret Greene.

For a full line of staple and fancy groceries go to Jno. C. Shader's, opposite court house.

GARDEN SEED.—The Sun has received a large assortment of garden seed from Congressman Smith for distribution among the people of the county. When in town call at the office and get a package.

Mr. L. W. Jenkins, of Willsburg, writes that his horses and mules, reported in the last issue of The Sun as being afflicted with gastric muscle, are recovering. He says that some of the animals are yet stiff in the limbs and that one of them has a rattling in the throat, but that he believes they are all much improved.

PINK PHOTOGRAPH.—The photograph from the half-tone of the McElroy family, printed on the front page of this issue, was made, is the work of Mr. E. A. Cox, the photographer at this place. It was an extra fine piece of work and Mr. Cox has received quite a number of compliments upon it. A gentleman, who saw the picture in Louisville, said that it was one of the best groups he had ever seen and complimented the work of the photographer.

Auctioneer Campbell reports the following sales at Bardtown last Monday: One horse, \$60; one work mule, \$77.00; ten shoats, \$2.50 per head; seven shoats, \$2.35 per head; one old Jersey cow, \$7.75; two yearling heifers, \$10 per head; one yearling steer, \$13.50; one old cow, \$15; one old cow \$17.50; and one two-year old heifer, \$16.50.

Lost Five Cows.

Our Fredericktown correspondent reports that Mr. Averill, Superintendent of the Gravel "Orphanage," has recently lost five cows, as a result of their having eaten frozen sugar cane. Farmers should be careful to keep their stock away from this food.

W. F. LAWRENCE, Springfield, Ky.

Notice to Debtors.

H. M. O'Nan, Jr., having discontinued his grocery business, has placed his accounts in my hands for collection. All persons indebted to him will please call at my office and settle their indebtedness, now.

W. F. NEIKIRK.

Notice.

I am authorized to offer for sale parts of the farm of St. Rose. For terms apply to the undersigned.

REV. R. F. LARSEN, Prior.

BROOKSVILLE.

Boss and Ballard Settle attended the Harlowe dance Tuesday night.

Joe Nally and the list.

Oscar McElroy, of Willsburg, spent Wednesday night with W. M. Sutton.

Miller Birch was here Sunday.

Henry Noel visited his sister at Tazeh Springs last week.

Old C. Pinkston sold a calf to Cooksey Bros. for \$11.

Miss Heester Noel entertained Wednesday night in honor of Miss Annie McElroy.

When you have read The Sun send it to your neighbor and tell him to read the opening chapters of "A Soldier of Commerce."

COLD WEATHER DELIGHTS

Are not found alone in a bank of coals and a blaze of fire. But at

HAGAN BROS.

Will be found many "Cold Weather Delights. Telephone us when you want FOODS that will help the fire to keep you warm.

Our Supplies Are Always FRESH.

Resembles A Frog.

The following unusual freak is reported of The Sun by Dr. S. J. Smock:

A monstrosity, in the way of child-birth, has recently been reported in this county, in a case where a child was born with a head and face resembling that of a frog. It was due to the arrest of development caused by the mother having drawn from the well a frog, which made such an impression upon her mind as to cause the cessation of development of the cerebrum, cerebellum and medulla-oblongata. This, with the absence of the cervical vertebra, and of a forehead, making the eyes the highest point, gave the child's head a marked resemblance to that of a frog. The body was otherwise normally developed. No scientist has ever been able to give a satisfactory explanation of these freaks of nature. We know that they happen during the first three months of gestation, due to maternal impressions.

This freak, which has been placed in alcohol, is in Dr. Smock's possession, and will be presented to the Louisville Medical University.

For Sale.

A desirable home east of Springfield, nicely located, in good neighborhood, near Graded School, has large lot and plenty of water. Also a nice little farm of 14 acres, with good improvements, near Springfield. Will divide up ten acres in two acre lots, fronting on pike. Terms easy.

W. P. LAWRENCE, Springfield, Ky.

Notice.

The books and notes of J. G. Mansfield are with me. Please call and settle.

W. E. SEACMAN.

Notice.

The books of Wood & Campbell will be placed in the hands of an attorney the first of January. Settle at once and save cost.

WOOD & CAMPBELL.

CLUBBING RATES

—WITH—

LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year.....	\$5 00
The Sun and The Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday).....	6 40
Same including Sunday.....	8 20
Journal any three days in the week.....	3 70
The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months.....	2 50
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year.....	2 80
Address THE SPRINGFIELD SUN, Springfield, Ky.	

To The Business Man.

The Sun would be glad for you to call and see samples of our STATIONERY PRINTING. We are putting out some nice work—work that will "make your business look prosperous." We are prepared to do the best, because—We have the latest faces in type; because we use the best inks; because we carry the best stock. Neatly printed stationery tells a story of progressiveness for the man who uses it. It tells the firm or individual with whom he is corresponding that he is going to have the best everything; that he is up-to-date; that he is not a subject for the bunco-man.

Frank M. Keon, a hotel proprietor of Wolcottville, Ind., killed himself after trying to kill his wife.

JOHN Y. MAYES,

Funeral Director

—And—

Licensed Embalmer.

SPRINGFIELD, - KENTUCKY.

Best Attention.

Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes. Telephone: Day, 13; Night, 74.

One Minute Too Late!

You have heard that expression hundreds of times. Often it is due to negligence; frequently to a don't-care-sort-of-a-disposition, but you are one minute too late very often because your hand is kept incorrect time. There is no excuse for being one minute too late because of a poor time-piece.

JAMES J. GRAVES,

SPRINGFIELD.

Watchmaker and Jeweler, will repair it for you at a very reasonable price. A nice line of Watches, Jewelry, etc., always in stock. JEWELRY REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Sheriff's Sale For Taxes.

On Monday, Feb. 27, 1905, it being the first day of a regular term of the Washington County Court, I will, as the Court House door in Springfield, Ky., at or about 1:30 o'clock, p.m., sell for taxes the following described tract of land, or as much thereof as is necessary to satisfy the taxes and costs: 100 acres of land in the Willsburg district, assessed to the heirs of J. W. Burton, deceased, for the year 1900. Taxes to be raised, county and State..... \$10.50 Costs..... 4.50

Total..... \$15.10

H. B. POWELL, Ex-Sheriff W. C. C.

By Ed. MASTERS, D. S.

It Makes Your Feed Go Farther

The stock raiser who gets the largest profits is the one who has found how to reduce the proportion of food that is wasted through lack of assimilation. Every pound of food that is not turned into tissue is absolute waste. The way to stop it is to feed all your stock

DR. HESS' STOCK FOOD

It tones up the digestive organs, gives the animal an appetite and helps it to get every bit of the food value out of what it eats. With the prices of all feed high you cannot afford to do without Dr. Hess' Stock Food and Poultry Feeder—O-C.

Price, 25, 50, 75c per Package, \$1.60 for a 25 Pound Pail. Pan-a-Cee 25c per Package.

WOOD & WELLS

Druggists and Pharmacists. SPRINGFIELD, KY.

An Axe To Grind

Often causes the meal to be late, or the house to get cold, etc., etc.

Use the Blue Diamond Axe

and it will not be necessary to resort to "grinding" every few weeks. They stay sharp, because they are made of "sharp stuff." Buy one and you will never buy another—because one will last you a lifetime if you take proper care of it.

The Blue Diamond Saws, Chisels,

Edge Tools, and Drawing Knives have no superior. Remember—BUY NO OTHER BRAND. We have two second-hand Ranges for sale. They will be put in good condition and sold at a low price.

McElroy & Schultz

JUDGE UPHOLDS

Day Law Which Calls For Separation of Whites and Blacks In School.

Richmond, Ky., February 8.—Judge Benton this morning overruled the demurrer filed by the friends of Berea College and sustained the constitutionality of the Day bill which prohibits the mingling of white and colored students at Berea College.

The college was indicted in October. A demurrer was filed by the Berea people, attacking the constitutionality of the Day law, which was argued in December at Nicholasville. On that occasion the college authorities were represented by John G. Carlisle, of New York; Mr. Guy Mallon, of Cincinnati, and Senator C. F. Burman, of this place. The State was represented by B. A. Crutcher, commonwealth's attorney.

Judge Benton upholds the Day bill and sustains the constitutionality both in regard to the separation of the races and as to the provisions of the bill requiring schools for whites and negroes maintained by the same board to be 25 miles apart. There is much local satisfaction over the decision.

Berea College was incorporated in 1859, and when it was learned that it was proposed to conduct a mixed school at Berea strong feeling was aroused against the school in Madison county, and in its early days efforts were made to demolish the buildings and break up the school. This was done after the manner of Kluklux, and for this some of the most prominent citizens of Madison county were indicted.

The defendant contends that the act is void on the ground that it contravenes the provisions of the bill of rights in

the constitution of Kentucky, and also the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States.

The question of fact as to whether or not the law has been violated will be tried before a jury during the present term of the Madison court. The fine for a violation of the act is fixed at \$1,000 and \$100 for each day that both races are taught in the same school after there has been a conviction. If a jury finds that Berea College has violated the act the college will appeal to the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, and if the decision there is against it, will take the case to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Afraid of Strong Medicines.

Many people suffer for years from rheumatic pains, and prefer to do so rather than take the strong medicines usually given for rheumatism, not knowing that quick relief from pain may be had simply by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm without taking any medicine internally. For sale by C. J. Haydon.

Judge Walker Dead.

Lawrenceburg, Ky., Feb. 10.—After a six weeks' illness Judge Porter C. Walker, one of the best known men of this county, passed away at his home here at noon today. Death was due to Bright's disease and other complications. He had been unconscious for the last week and life was prolonged for several days by administering powerful stimulants. The end came with the family gathered around his bedside, except his son, John M. Walker, who is in the South. Judge Walker was born near this city fifty-one years ago, and was a son of the late J. M. Walker, one of the most celebrated distillers of this section of the state.

Dr. J. H. Laurence, one of the best-known men of the mountain section, dropped dead at Hyden, Ky.

Ten per cent. of the people of Owensboro have the grip.

PUBLIC AUCTION!

Horses, Jacks and Mules!

Friday, February 17th, At Wharton & Tapp's Livery Stable, Springfield, Kentucky.

On the above date commencing at 10 a. m., we will conduct a Horse, Mule and Jack public sale. Farmers and stock traders living in Washington and adjoining counties are invited to enter stock of this nature in this sale. This sale will be widely advertised, and it is expected that a great many buyers will be present. If you have any surplus stock you should take advantage of this sale.

For particulars of handling and selling stock call on or write

Wharton & Tapp, Springfield, Ky.
S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

OLLIE JAMES

Welcomes President To Democratic Platform—His Speech Against Railroad Rate Bill.

Washington, February 8.—Representative Ollie James, of the First Kentucky district, elicited considerable applause on the Democratic side by a short speech he delivered today against the Railroad Rate Bill, or, more properly, on the attitude of President Roosevelt on the subject. It was well timed, coming immediately after the electoral college ceremonies, when President Roosevelt had just been declared elected, through the grace of a party which is with exceeding bad grace supporting him in legislation which he declares to be the most important pending before Congress.

Mr. James in the beginning of his speech referred to the fact that the last three Democratic platforms made demands for railroad legislation, while the Republican platforms were silent on the subject.

"Is President Roosevelt leading the Democracy?" asked Mr. James, "or is he coming to understand from the mutterings and discontent throughout the republic that the Democratic party was right and that he must get in advance of it, wield its sword, wear its uniform and use its campaign lance, as he is doing by advocating this rate legislation here today?"

"I charge," continued Mr. James, "that the President has taken the platform of the Democratic party that bears the bloody stain of Bryan's faithful feet, and has held it up today to the people of the country. We welcome the President to the Democratic platform. Many good planks are in it. I look forward to the time when he will send a message to Congress saying that he wants this House to put all trust-made articles upon the free list. I look forward to the day when he will send a message to this Congress saying that we ought to go back to the pristine days when it was esteemed right to be honest, when the taxation should be borne by the rich and the poor alike, and ask us to rehabilitate the income tax in this country. I look forward with faith to that. But I want to say now to the President that this side of the chamber, the Democracy of the country, cares not how much you say we follow him, when he fights under our flag. We know that the soldiers of the United States followed him gallantly when he charged San Juan Hill, but no more gallantly, sir, than the Democracy will follow him when he charges the Harriman-Vanderbilt-Cassatt-Hill, in this country of wealth and of greed."

"I say to you that this bill ought to go further than it does. You provide only a penalty of fine. I say we ought to go back to the idea in this country that the rich ought not to be permitted to purchase immunity from punishment by the payment of a fine. You amended this law with the Elkins bill, and what was your amendment? The only thing you did was to take from the the penalty of the penitentiary, or the penalty of stripes upon these violators of the law. Let these big violators of the law see a penitentiary and observe its dissimilarity from a summer seashore resort, and we will have more respect for the law in this country. Let a picture be taken of one or two of them in stripes instead of in automobiles, and we, sir, will then have the poor of the country telling us that the law is administered alike on every citizen in the country. Suppose you fine them? What is done? They can raise the rate, and let it be paid back by the people. But when you put stripes on them their chance of escape is rather slim. I say, Mr. Chairman that the Democracy of the country has all along agitated this question. We do not intend to leave our ground, we are going to stand upon it, and we invite the cordial aid and assistance of the Republicans. We are willing for Theodore Roosevelt to lead us as long as he walks in advance of the Democratic party, advocating its principles."

Severe On Lambs.

(Anderson News.)

The recent cold stormy weather has been very severe on young lambs, and many of them have died from exposure. C. H. Morgan, of the Petty neighborhood, said on Monday that he had had thirty-five lambs to come within the last two weeks, and has lost sixteen of them.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Mother's Favorite. The soothing and healing properties of this remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures have made it a favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children, for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by C. J. Haydon.

March 6 has been decided upon as the day of the trial of Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, at Cleveland.

EIGHT DAYS

From this date and our liberal clubbing offer will expire. Send us

\$1.40

AND GET

The Springfield Sun Weekly Courier Journal Farm and Fireside

ALL THREE PAPERS ONE YEAR. Send check, paper money or postoffice money order. Address,

The Springfield Sun, -- Springfield, Ky.

Little Breaches.

I don't go much on religion, I never ain't had no show; But I've got a middle sized grip, sir, On the handful o' things I know, I don't pan out on the prophets, And free will, and that sort of thing. But I believe in God and the angels Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips, And my little Gabe came along— No four-year-old in the country Could beat him for pretty and strong. Pearl and chippy and sassy, Always ready to swear and fight— And I'd larnt him to chew tobacco Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come like a blanket As I passed by Taggart's store; I went in for a jug of molasses And left the team at the door. They scared at something and started— I heard one little quail And hell to split over the prairie Went team, Little Breaches and all.

Hell to split over the prairie! He'd almost froze with skeer; But we rousted up some torches And searched for 'em far and near. At last we struck horses and wagon Snowed under a soft, white mound Upset, dead beat—but of little Gabe No hint nor hair was found.

And here all hopes soured on me, Of my fellow critter's aid; I just flopped down on my marrow bones, Crotch deep in the snow and prayed. By this time torches was played out, And me and Israel Part Went off for some wood to a sheepfold That he said was somewhat far.

We found it at last and a little shed Where they shut up the lambs at night. We looked in and see them huddled tight, So warm and sleepy and white, And that sort Little Breaches and chirped, As peart as ever you see, "I want a chew of tobacco, And that's what the matter of me."

How did he git that? Angels. He could heaver walked in that storm; The just stooped down and totted their. To what it was safe and warm. And I think that the saving a little child, And fetching him to his barn, Is a durned sight better business Than loafing around the throne.

(John Hay.)

Fiendish Suffering

Is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers, that eat away your skin. Wm. Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for ulcers, sores and cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Soothes and heals cuts, burns and scalds. 25c at C. J. Haydon's drug store; guaranteed.

Unlucky Farmer.

(New Haven Echo.)

Wednesday afternoon between one and two o'clock the hay barn on Mr. James H. Mahoney's Pottinger place burned down, entailing a loss of about \$500 with no insurance. The barn is situated near the Gethsemane road and contained 18 tons of hay, 50 bushels of corn and a lot of farming implements which was consumed. Only a few feet away was about \$300 worth of lumber which escaped. In this barn Mr. Mahoney was feeding 24 head of cattle and 100 hogs, but none of them were about the during the fire.

In the past five years Mr. Mahoney has been particularly unfortunate from fire and a singular thing about each fire he has had, is that it occurred in the day time between the hours of one and three o'clock. In Nov. 1899 his residence near Howardstown burned, entailing a loss of \$2,500, with no insurance.

In October 1900, his little son set fire to a pile of shucks burning the \$300 barn at his home place. In October 1902, a barn and crib on his own place valued at \$800 made fuel for the flames. This makes a total loss of \$3,100 that he has sustained from fire in five years.

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Springfield, -- Kentucky.

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Chas. M. McLeod, Asst. Cashier.
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Nelson News Items.

(Kentucky Standard.)

Lagrippe seems to be a visitor in nearly every locality in the county. By fire last Friday morning about 4 o'clock The loss is about three hundred dollars with no insurance.

Mr. George R. Mattingly, of this place, had the misfortune to lose one of his greenhouses and all its contents by fire last Friday morning about 4 o'clock. The loss is about three hundred dollars with no insurance.

The February term of the Nelson Circuit Court convened in Barstow Monday. The docket is light, but not unusually so, and the new cases, together with a few old cases to be tried, may consume most of the three weeks allotted to this term.

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A SOLDIER OF COMMERCE

By JOHN ROE GORDON

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORM ON THE CASPIAN.

TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS they continued thus, traveling constantly. Two of the men did the poling while the third man slept. At times, under the cover of favoring darkness, Harvey would emerge from his hiding place, and while Alma kept watch for pursuing Russians, Irons assisted with the boat to give one of the backwatering Anstrakhs a rest. On the third day they saw a boat overhauling them.

"We must keep well under cover till that boat has passed on," said Harvey.

"What do you make it out to be, Char-ka?"

It was a long, low vessel, without masts, with high bow and stern. It was propelled by four rowers, two on each side, and a fifth man sat in the stern with a paddle to steer.

"We have nothing to fear from that," said Char-ka. "That is a Turkish cayk. Some rich merchant perhaps from Constantinople has brought his pleasure boat all the way to the fair. Think of carrying a boat across land!"

"That may be so or not," said Harvey. "A boat might be built at Tiflis after the Turkish model. It is safer for us to be out of sight."

The long boat came on rapidly, and Harvey and Alma again crawled under the hay.

Char-ka grumbled enviously as he saw the four rowers bending to their task. The Turkish cayk seemed more anxious to avoid the Russians than Char-ka was to avoid the cayk. It steered to the opposite side of the river, the efforts of the rowers were doubled, and at a burst of speed it went by.

At night they were within sight of the village of Salatin. Though it was a dark night, Char-ka, who had the lives of his passengers in mind, forbade them coming from under the hay. The stamboul of the Muscovites has not yet returned up the river.

"It is lying at Salatin to watch the boats that go out upon the Caspian."

This was too much for the inquisitiveness of Harvey. He crawled to the edge of the hay to observe what was going on.

"Char-ka," he said, "that Turkish boat is up to something. I notice the Russians are going to intercept it. There's the business of some kind going on. Get nearer, that we may hear the conversation."

"As they came opposite the lights of the town they saw the Russian boat shoot out from the land and in the radius of the strong electric light in her bow saw the cayk evidently trying to escape."

"There are after the Turk! We are in for it, too!" wailed Char-ka.

"Keep a cool head, Char-ka," said Harvey. "Remember, a previous life depends upon your shrewdness."

"I know."

"Stop where you are," came a voice from the Russian. "We will inspect you."

Knowing the uselessness of refusing, Char-ka made his way toward the launch, which had now steamed up alongside the cayk.

"It is true, most excellent sir," a Turkish voice from the cayk was saying. "I am an Ottoman. It is also true that I am Hafis Effendi, who once acted as merchant in those goods the men of Georgia and Circassia had to sell. I stole nothing, but when I wished to place his beautiful daughter in the house of a wealthy prince I carried on the negotiations. But that is all done. Even the other day a girl was stolen, but it was an American, not an Ottoman, who stole her."

"Yes, and we want that American now!" growled the officer in command. "What have you in those sacks?"

"Nothing, excellent sir, but some of the goods I took to the fair and which I did not sell. I shall return to Astrabad and thence to Constantinople by way of the caravan."

"Go on," said the officer, and the cayk shot away.

"Now, you," said the officer to Char-ka. "He is that slow old hay boat. Well, my friend, where are you going?"

"I, too, my master, am going to Astrabad," said Char-ka.

"Does every one who goes to the fair at Tiflis go from there to Astrabad?"

"Not all, excellent captain, but as Astrabad there are many caravans gathering, and I sell my wares. The camels need it. To ascend the Volga to the big fair at Nijni Novgorod would take too long."

"Go on. There will be a fine mingling of races at Astrabad."

"No finer than at Tiflis," said Char-ka as the hayboat slowly drew away. "The scum of the earth and the cream were at Tiflis."

The launch turned back to the wharf where it had been lying.

Char-ka felt that he was safe, and as there was a slight breeze he raised his sail. He had but one thing more to fear. He reasoned, and that was a Russian gunboat. Boatloads of hay were not infrequently on the Caspian, and he felt assured that it would not be difficult to hoodwink the captain of the gunboat.

Under sail the boat made better progress and was soon out on the Caspian where in the inky darkness nothing could be seen. The slight wind that had promised so well soon died away, and the boat, now in deep water where the poles were useless, was almost at the mercy of the big lateens. Trapped against the rude masts, and the men grumbled. This was not getting to Astrabad, and they had had enough of watching over the lives of a Muscovite woman and a man from what they considered another world. The boat got into a current that carried it out farther and farther, and Harvey, feeling secure in the darkness, called to Alma to come out from her hiding place. They sat together in the little deck-house waiting for the breeze that must surely come sooner or later.

"By this time they are well in pursuit, said Alma, with a shudder. "It is death to be taken now."

"It would have been death at any time, my darling. We must be cheerful. I wish we had a cayk instead of this old hayboat."

"The cayk is faster, dear M. Irons, but would it be as safe? I fear that a storm is coming. In that little boat I would be afraid."

"I'd take my chances in that as soon as in this old hulk, and there would be the additional advantage of getting somewhere before the storm came."

"Ah, M. Irons, it is a long way across the Caspian."

"I am aware of that, Alma. I've been long enough trying to make the trip. Even now I am a good many days from my windmill."

"I fear you will never see them again, dear M. Irons."

"Not see my windmills again? Why, I'll sell them at the big fair at Nijni Novgorod. Surest thing in the world, my darling. We'll take our wedding trip out of my command. But don't call me M. Irons. Call me Harvey. That is my name, as yours is Alma."

"But we do not—it is not like Russian girls."

"You are a Russian girl no longer, dear. As soon as we get to a place where there is an American missionary you can personate the creature, or an American consulate, you will be my American wife, and the Russian gals can thunder all they please. Hello! What's up now?"

Suddenly the delayed wind had come in squalls. It whistled through the ropes, and one snapped. Char-ka could be heard outside, and he was bawling out orders to his men. Harvey went to the door and tried to see, in the darkness. The boat began to move rapidly through the water and careened to one side. A flash of lightning showed him the three men hard at work trying to control the sail.

"The storm you feared has come, little girl, but do not be afraid. I'll go outside and see what I can do to help."

"Can I be of use?" he asked, raising his voice to be heard.

"Use! Yes, you can be of use!" bawled Char-ka. "Help me and my men."

Char-ka's voice showed his agitation. His men were working like beavers to untie the rope that had parted. Harvey assisted, and soon the sail was bellying out before the steadily growing wind.

"Now!" cried Char-ka exultingly as the old boat gathered speed. "Now the Turk's cayk would not be so fast!"

But his jubilation was of short duration. A sudden gust of wind tore the rope he was holding from his hand, and one that had been fastened to a pin at the side of the boat snapped with a report like that of a pistol. It cracked two or three times in the air and then wound itself around Char-ka's neck. A smothered curse came from him as he struggled with the rope. As Harvey stepped forward to assist him the sail gave an extra pull, and Char-ka was dragged over the side of the boat into the sea. A cry came from him as he sank, and his men muttered their prayers as they stood shivering, realizing the uselessness of trying to aid him.

"Don't stand there like idiots!" shouted Char-ka. "You've got a small boat. Get it into the water and save Char-ka!"

"It cannot be done!" cried one. "He is already laid far behind."

"Get out the boat, and I will go with you to rescue him!"

"No, not you! You are the one who brought this upon us. Many times have we sailed upon the Caspian, but never before did this happen to us. It serves us right for taking an unbeliever and a Muscovite woman on the boat. That was our curse."

"Nonsense!" Get out the boat."

The two consulted a moment, speaking so low that Harvey could not hear.

"We will go to rescue Char-ka," said the one who had done the talking. "But you cannot go. You would bring an other curse."

Harvey went into the cabin to get a lantern. With the aid of this he watched the two men get the small boat off.

"Look well for him. He was a good man," said Harvey.

"He is," came the answer as the boat moved off. "We shall not return. We will not remain on a boat with a Muscovite woman and an unbeliever. We do not wish to kill, so we leave."

Harvey stood aghast. Alone he could not handle the sails. He shouted to them to come back, but they paid no attention to him. He returned to Alma.

"The fools have left us! Char-ka was thrown overboard by a broken rope, and I told them to go in the small boat to rescue them. They took the boat, preferring that in the storm to remaining on this boat with us. They say, my darling, we have brought a curse upon them."

The wind howled. The boat whirled as it was driven along at increasing speed. The timbers surely would not hold together long.

"My darling! What a terrible experience for you!" said Harvey, taking her in his arms. "It is impossible to control the boat. The only thing I can do is to try to cut away the sails."

"Dear Harvey, I will help you."

But they had nothing else save the sword of the inspector general of prisons with which to work. With this they hacked at a few ropes that could reach, but the sails were held by ropes that had wound themselves around the masts. One mast broke and fell to the deck. It was beyond the power of both to rescue it. The speed of the boat seemed to be none the less for the loss of that mast. The rain now came down in torrents. The boat rocked and rolled house waves swept completely over it.

"We cannot remain here," said Harvey. "We must climb up on the hay."

They soon had a perch in the hay, which they kept by clinging to the cords that bound it to keep it in place. One of Harvey's arms was around the mast. They rushed along rope after rope, each moment fearing that the boat would sink or turn over. Suddenly there was a loud crash. The remaining mast broke and went plunging into the sea. The boat lurched frightfully, and it now seemed impossible for it to live in the foaming waves.

"Darling one!" cried Alma. "My dearest sweetheart! Kiss me! Tell me once again that you love me, and with your strong arm around me I am content to die."

He kissed her passionately.

"It is hard, my beautiful darling, to die when liberty is almost ours! But I see no hope. The boat is filled and must surely sink. If this be God's will, let us not cry out against it. Kiss me again. God grant that this may not be our last farewell!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOVERS ARE SEPARATED.

THE cessation of the storm found the old hayboat still afloat, but the two lovers on top of the hay were in a precarious condition. The wind had chilled Alma, and she snuggled close to Harvey for warmth.

"My darling," he said as he hugged her close. "This is a terrible experience for you. Rather would I have remained in the prison at Tiflis than subject you to such peril."

"Dear one, they have just killed you, and that would have killed me. It is not better for us to die together, if we must die."

"Yes, it is better, but since the old hulk and its load of hay have survived the worst of the storm, we may yet run across a boat that will pick us up."

"They spoke little as they huddled together on the hay. Each was straining to hear the faintest sound that might come from over the water."

"Hark!" said Harvey. "Dearest, did you not hear something?"

"I fancied—I hoped—I heard a shout. Can it be that Russian boats are out after us so soon, and in that storm?"

"The Russians would not be shouting if they knew we were in distress. Perhaps the Turks in that cayk are shouting for help."

With clasped hands they waited through the dark hours of the stormy morning. Dawn began streaking the east. Harvey strained his eyes to pierce the scarcely perceptible light. Not more than 200 feet from them was a long, low hull that seemed at rest. The hum of voices could be heard as the wind and rolling current carried them toward it.

"We are saved!" cried Alma, and she went to his breast.

"No, there!" shouted Harvey at the top of his voice. "Whoever you are, help us!"

"What is the voice that speaks out of the darkness?" came a shout. "In the name of Allah tell us."

Then above the other voice there rose cries of "Allah! Allah! Allah! Mohammed! Resoul Allah!"

"Mohammedans, and most likely Turks," said Harvey. "Yet that does not sound like a Turkish voice. But say it is, I'll take a storm."

As the dawn increased and the old hay barge floated nearer the other boat Harvey could distinguish dark forms lined up along the deck. He seemed to recognize that long, low, black hull. A rope was thrown to him, and he caught it after several attempts. Those on board the vessel drew the hayboat toward them.

"Who are you?" came a voice in a language that Harvey happily understood.

"We are castaways on a wreck," he answered, trying to produce a combination of English that these men could understand. He had been long enough in the east to know that when one crossed a frontier he did not at once leave the language of one country behind him and find a totally distinct tongue of another in use. The people who trade across a frontier borrow from each other and combine their dialects and produce a sufficiently intelligible language for intercourse, and as one recedes from the frontier the borrowed words from the one language are gradually lost until the tongue of the natives is in use. Thus

it was that, no matter with whom he came in contact, Irons could make himself understood.

"We will take you," came the voice, and the hayboat was drawn close to the other. Forward arms were out-reached to them, and Irons, stiff and sore from the experience of the night, gathered his strength to pass Alma over.

"A soldier of the hated czar!" yelled one on board, scanning the uniform of the inspector general of prisons, which Alma still wore. "One of our enemies!"

A sharp cry escaped Alma, and Harvey sang out.

"Have a care how you use that woman! That is my wife! She wears that uniform only to escape!"

As he spoke he tried to leap to the other vessel, but a long spear stopped him.

"Remain where you are till we understand this thing!" said one who seemed to be in command.

"Remains where you are!" seemed to be an officer. "If you attempt to come on this ship before you are wanted, you will be killed."

"What is it you wish to understand?"

Another and another spear appeared until a regular wall of lance points barred him from the vessel.

The terrified Alma was taken, with polite attentions, to a comfortable cabin, fitted up in oriental luxury. Here she sat, weeping upon a divan, the beautiful daughter of the murdered Bartlekis.

"Kourai!" exclaimed Alma, throwing her arms around the girl. But Kourai, thinking that she was being embraced by a man, repulsed Alma.

"Kourai, do you not know me? I am Alma Jurmuff!"

"Am I, then, rescued again by Russians?"

"No, my poor girl! I am as unlucky as you. My American sweetheart, who was accused of abducting you the first time and was thrown into prison at Tiflis to be sent to Siberia or killed, had left you, but just now I was rescued by the men on this boat. At least, I am here, but M. Irons is held on the hayboat. They thought, as you did, that I was a Russian officer."

"I know you are not now," said Kourai, putting her arm around Alma. "I recognize your voice and face. Let them know M. Irons is a friend."

"How shall I address them? Do you know them well? When did you come?"

"But a short time ago. I know now that the American had nothing to do with my abduction. Of course you know that my father has not been found, and I had no business being with my uncle, Dmitri Bartlekis, and one night as I was closing his house I was seized, hurried into a drosky and taken to the river, where I was put into a Turkish cayk."

"You passed us," cried Alma, "but we did not suspect that you were there."

"You could not. Even the soldiers that came—I thought they were looking for me, but they must have been looking for you—were deceived. I was thrust into a sack and placed under several other sacks of meal and grain, and they did not find me. Oh, this is terrible! But M. Irons will protect and defend us."

"Will he?" demanded a short, swarthy officer of the ameer's boat as he turned Alma rudely around. "Keep each other in good cheer, for in a short time the officers of our glorious ameer will reach at the wedding of his son, the prince. I will have the American, as you call him, thrust aside."

Reaching the deck, he gave commands to raise the anchor and set sail.

"We have accomplished that for which we came and more," he said. "The supposed officer is, as that fellow said, a woman and a beautiful one."

"What is that?" asked the heavy voice of an officer who seemed half drunk as he came up to where the

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CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

Under sail the boat made better progress and was soon out on the Caspian where in the inky darkness nothing could be seen. The slight wind that had promised so well soon died away, and the boat, now in deep water where the poles were useless, was almost at the mercy of the big lateens. Trapped against the rude masts, and the men grumbled. This was not getting to Astrabad, and they had had enough of watching over the lives of a Muscovite woman and a man from what they considered another world. The boat got into a current that carried it out farther and farther, and Harvey, feeling secure in the darkness, called to Alma to come out from her hiding place. They sat together in the little deck-house waiting for the breeze that must surely come sooner or later.

VOTE

A SOLDIER OF COMMERCE

BY JOHN ROE GORDON

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sloop and reasoned that it was making for the nearest Bohkaran port. Night came on, with no respite from the wind. Hour after hour he drifted, hoping almost against hope, ever thinking of Alma and of a way to help her. About midnight it seemed to him that the rocking motion of the boat had ceased; that it had become stationary.

"Here is a pretty mess," he exclaimed. "I wonder if this old bulk has run aground. The Caspian is shallow, but I did not think a boat like this could run aground in the middle of it."

An examination in the dark was not easy. Harvey slid down the pile of hay, groping about with one hand while he clung for safety with the other. He fancied he saw a faint light glimmering some distance from him, but it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. He saw the light again, a quick passing from one point to another, but showing for a moment only.

"Now, that light is not on a vessel," Harvey reasoned. "It is a lantern carried around by a person who is walking on land. If I drifted against a rock, certainly there cannot be water enough at that place to float any kind of vessel. I've probably drifted on the shore of some island. It is a hospitable island, or I will be worse off in the clutches of the inhabitants than where I am. The wind may drive me off again before morning and a vessel picked up, but that would be a very bad thing for me."

"It is an island," said Harvey. "I am now resting on a shore, and the water cannot be very deep between this and the island. I'll swim ashore and risk it."

He removed some of his clothing, made a bundle of it and slid off into the water. To his surprise he could stand on bottom. Carefully he felt his way for a short distance, the water grew more shallow. Then it got deeper, and he was forced to swim. After a short swim he again felt the ground under his feet, and he waded on to dry land. The shore was sandy.

He moved slowly and cautiously. It was difficult to locate where the light had been. He groped about, wandering in many curves. Trees were on the hill, but he could see no trace of a building. After groping some time in the darkness he became weary and appeared to be a rock about five feet high. Feeling the surface of this, he found that it was a solid rock, but a rocky formation with an opening on one side. Lying flat on the ground and peering in, he saw a light far in the earth, apparently from a lantern hanging on a peg. He crawled up the side of the cave. After advancing for several feet he found that he could stand up and walk.

A voice came from behind a shelter of the rocky wall that projected into the chamber. It pleaded Harvey that it was not the voice of a Russian, for Russians were the only people he had any reason to fear.

"I have spoken," said a calm, stern voice within the concealed chamber. "I have given the treasure as it should be given."

"But, no, my brother," came a voice that seemed to Harvey to tremble with emotion. It was harsh, cold, and unlike the other. "You have done well for yourself. You have done well for the clans in the mountains. But we have not feared a word about the treasure. It is not our courage that made the accumulation of this booty possible."

"Yes; that is so," answered the first speaker. "But I am Palpak, chief of the Zannucks, and it was I who planned everything. The wealth that came from the Amer's people were compelled to hide here until the Amer's soldiers had finished their search among our villages, and the wealth that came from the Buddhist temples, which we found the most valuable of all, and the gold that came from the paymasters of the Russian soldiers whom we attacked and robbed. All these are mine—mine! Do you understand, Domantan? It was Palpak, the chief, who in the interest of all his people, drove out the Amer's. It was the wicked Amer, strove to gain that which we could buy with guns and cattle and make the Zannucks wealthy. I have given you enough. The rest must be divided among the people."

"No," said a third voice, thick and guttural. "Domantan is right, Palpak, though you be chief. We were with you in all the ventures. It is not right that you should rob us now."

"Rob you?" cried Palpak angrily. "Rob you of what? In the name of the white bull, of what can I rob you when you have nothing save what I have given you? I tell you I am working not for wealth for you, my brothers, but for the whole people. The Zannucks have been driven and robbed by the Amer. He has taken us for our wives, for our cattle, and then his soldiers eat the cattle. He taxes us for our families, and he takes the children. Our boys are compelled to enter the Amer's army, and our girls are driven into the Amer's and upon you

If you cannot see the justice of what I am doing. But the Amer has desisted from his search. He has some great affairs now in progress. It is time we took the treasure to the mountains and distributed it among the people and then begin again to plan."

"It shall not be so! I swear it!" "There are three of us!" growled the surly voice.

"And we are determined men!" said one who had not spoken before.

"Do you intend to defy me?" demanded the one who called himself Palpak.

The three laughed. "We intend to you will see what we intend."

Harvey began to catch the drift of their words.

"This," he reasoned, "is what is popularly called honor among thieves. Here's a band of four who have been successful in gathering treasure by robbing everything and everybody to enrich a people kept down by this miserable wretch of an Amer. And now the only decent one, if there is such a thing as decency among them, is to be killed so that the other three can keep the treasure instead of putting it to the

reservoir of the state, and in doing so caused the death of the one who had the left arm and breast severely. Mr. Russell also received some painful burns in trying to extinguish the flames. There was a musical entertainment at the home of W. H. Whitehouse last Thursday night.

There will be services at Bethel church on Tuesday and Wednesday nights after the third Sunday in this month, conducted by Rev. Brewer.

Mrs. R. T. Best has been suffering with a grip, but is some better now. Bert Coffey and mother visited Mrs. G. W. Young Friday and Saturday.

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A. A. Crain and family, of Enid, Ky., visited at the home of W. T. Kimberlin Saturday and Sunday.

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Newton Dennis has finished putting up ice for the hotel.

R. C. Pinkston and wife, of near Willsburg, and Joe Nicholson, of Rockbridge, attended church here Sunday.

Logan Saunders has rented the house vacated by Winfield Lawson.

Mrs. Otis Jenkins died last Friday of Consumption. She had been a long and patient sufferer, and her death was no doubt a relief. She leaves a husband, mother, brother and sister to mourn her death.

While operating at a fishery in Admiralty island, Alaska, one summer my attention and the attention of the fishing crew were almost daily attracted to a large marine creature that would appear in the main channel of Sequoyia canal and our immediate vicinity.

There are large numbers of whales of the species orca, and the monster seemed to be their natural enemy. The whales generally travel in schools, and while at the surface to blow one would be heard to utter a low, moaning cry, and the fish, and a battle was soon in order.

It is the nature of the orca to make three blows at intervals of from two to three minutes or more. The first blow is a deep, low, moaning cry, and the second and third blows are a sharp, high, whistling cry.

"Hold on there! Let that man alone!" shouted Harvey, rushing in.

His presence disconcerted the robbers, and they stopped fighting. Domantan, with a curse and gasping for breath, rose to his feet and seized his knife.

"Who are you?" the robbers demanded in chorus.

The four seemed ready to join against Harvey.

"My friends," he said, "permit me to say that this conduct upon my own territory, to which you were not invited, is most unbecoming. I am the owner of this island, having just purchased it from the Russian government. I'll have no murder committed here."

"You! The owner of the island of Ping Shong?"

"That's what I said! At this moment I own the island."

"Is it a lie?" said Domantan. "You die on your island!"

He made a rush, but Palpak intercepted him. The other two, recovering from their astonishment, joined with Domantan.

Suddenly from the outer cavern came the rush of booted feet and the clank of arms.

"Retire then all!" commanded Captain Sergius Orskoff to the force of Russian soldiers, who rushed upon the combatants and executed the order before the Amer's and the robbers were aware of their presence.

At the moment Harvey recognized Orskoff the latter exclaimed: "The American! I have found you at last!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The attraction. Prim Mother—My son, I am afraid you are going to make a mistake in marrying Miss Easyway. Both she and her mother are fearfully lax housekeepers. Son—I know it, mother; that's what caught me. It's so comfortable over there, you know. I can sit down anywhere in the parlor without being told that I'm messing things up—Detroit Free Press.

PRATHERS CREEK.

J. T. Skeens has lost 10 lambs out of a bunch of 11, also several old sheep and two calves. The farmers think there is some disease among the sheep, as several others have lost sheep and lambs lately.

The old family horse of G. T. Mays died last week, aged twenty-eight years. This horse has been in Mr. Mays' possession and on the same farm for twenty-five years.

Mrs. Laura Russell, wife of John Russell, happened to a very painful accident one morning last week. She attempted to remove a lamp from the reservoir of the stove, and in doing so

her left arm and breast severely. Mr. Russell also received some painful burns in trying to extinguish the flames.

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An Unhappy Seat. "Pa," said Tommy, opening the paper, "who sits on the seat of war?" "No one," responded papa, "because the seat of war generally has a tack in it."—Baltimore Herald.

The great question is not so much what money you have in your pocket as what you will buy with it.—Ruskin.

Command great fields, but cultivate small ones.—Virgil.

The recent cold weather caused the death of hundreds of young lambs.

WILLISBURG.

The bad weather is still continuing, and the roads are in a worse condition than they have been in for some time. It is almost impossible to travel and business is at a standstill.

W. S. Braxley, the butcher, came near losing his life one day last week. His wagon slipped from the road, and if it had not been for the fence he would have gone over an embankment fifteen feet high.

Prof. E. W. Hyatt has bought a lot of Dr. W. W. Brown at this place. He expects to build on the lot in the near future.

Those whom we reported on the sick list last week were convalescent, and their friends hope to see them out soon. W. S. Gibbs purchased a nice horse for \$210.

Dr. Gibbs, of Anderson county, is visiting his son, W. S. Gibbs.

Oscar Shippy was in Brooksville last Sunday.

Mrs. Fanny Shelly was the guest of Mrs. W. W. Hyatt Saturday.

Mrs. Pinkston, of near this place, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Nicholson, at Burnside, Ky.

G. W. Merritt, of Nelson county, is visiting his daughter, Miss Lela, at this place. He is now suffering from an attack of the grip.

Elbridge Pinkston and Jim Thompson of Lacey, were here one day last week.

George Prather and wife were the guests of W. S. Gibbs last week.

H. Greenwood and wife entertained a few friends on last Saturday night at an oyster supper.

Mrs. Will Jenkins died at her home near Tatham Springs Friday, after a long illness of consumption. Her remains were interred in the Rockbridge cemetery. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Thomas W. Reed, while walking out on his back veranda, slipped and fell on the ice, his head striking a post and almost fracturing his skull.

"A Soldier of Commerce" is read with much interest by the many readers of The Sun here.

(From Another Correspondent.) W. S. Gibbs has returned from Lexington and Harrodsburg, where he spent last week.

Adelina, the little daughter of J. A. Sharp, is very ill.

Harry Turner, of Mackville, is the guest of his cousin, John Turner, this week.

Will Wells, our popular merchant, has gone to Polin on business.

Leslie Bottom, of Mackville, was at the home of Dr. W. W. Hyatt last week.

Fred Sutherland, who is attending school at Springfield, was at home with his parents Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. L. T. Cheatham, of Louisville, is here on account of the death of his father, Mr. C. R. Cheatham. Mr. Cheatham had been ill for some months, and his death was not unexpected, yet a sad blow to his family. The family have lost a devoted husband and father, and the county a respected citizen.

W. S. Gibbs, Willisburg, has three stallions and four mules for sale.

M. W. Seay, Springfield, R. F. D. No. 1, has for sale one milk cow, also 100 bushels of seed oats.

G. A. Benedict, Springfield, R. F. D. No. 1, has for sale 500 bushels of striped Bluegrass seed.

C. W. Stallings, Springfield, has for sale one horse, safe for women and children to handle and drive; also some orchard grass.

W. D. Claybrooke, Springfield, has for sale a six-year-old mare. Good driver. Gentle.

T. William Simms, Springfield, R. F. D. No. 2, has for sale all times horses and mules.

Miss Addie Foster was the guest of Miss Annie McVoy Sunday.

G. W. Merritt is at home from Chaplin for a few weeks' stay.

Fredericktown.

The many friends of Mrs. Kate Williams regret to hear of her accident and wish for her a speedy recovery.

Rev. Father Peters spent last Wednesday and Thursday in Louisville.

The tobacco men in this section are very busy getting ready to rid themselves of last year's crop and preparing for another.

Rev. Father Peters spent last Wednesday and Thursday in Louisville.

The school children here have certainly enjoyed the coasting and regret the last rain very much, as their favorite amusement is now a thing of the past.

An Invitation.

You are cordially invited to call and inspect our assortment of the famous Springfield Harness and Strap work, which are known the country over as the best and strongest.

We are the manufacturers of these famous goods. We will take pleasure in showing you our styles, and can furnish you goods at the very lowest prices. Please call; it does not cost anything to look.

Yours very truly,

Hodapp & Miller, Springfield.

L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:40 p. m.	6:45 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown Junction.....	8:35 " "	1:10 " "	7:15 " "
Leaves Louisville.....	6:50 " "	9:30 " "	5:02 " "
Leaves Bardstown Junction.....	6:00 " "	7:20 " "	4:10 " "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44.
Leaves Springfield.....	5:30 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown Junction.....	6:17 " "	8:00 " "	2:20 " "
Arrives at Louisville.....	7:03 " "	8:45 " "	3:10 " "
Arrives at Louisville.....	7:55 " "	9:25 " "	5:40 p. m.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in Springfield Post Office for week ending February 15, 1905.

Ralph Adams, Mrs. Ella Andrews, Mrs. Wm. Buckman, Miss Hattie Cozart, Miss Hannah Charley, Miss Abbie Davidson, Matt Hagan, Cal Hamilton, Mrs. Pearl Loford, Christopher Mudd, Andrew Thompson.

W. A. WATERS, P. M.

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

J. L. Settle, near Booker, has for sale a seven-year-old saddle and harness stallion.

H. M. O'Nan, Sr., near town, has for sale two fresh milk cows. Calves about one week old.

E. S. Mayes, Jr., near town, has for sale Berkshire boar sows. Thoroughbred.

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T. William Simms, Springfield, R. F. D. No. 2, has for sale all times horses and mules.

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although mild one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and made me feel like a new woman. They are simply wonderful! Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders. At C. J. Hayden's drug store. Price 50c."

MEAT MARKET

Gives the housekeeper an opportunity to get the very best fresh meats at all times.

OUR REPUTATION IS AT Stake

YOU KNOW.

We will appreciate your trade and will do our utmost to make you appreciate "Your Trading Place."

BEEVES WANTED.

We are in the market at all times for good, fat beaver, Calves up to telephone, or see us at our place in business.

F. T. COX & CO.,

Springfield, Ky.

Notice!

I am prepared to do all kinds of gunsmithing, filing saws, furniture repaired, making carving knives; also all kinds machinery overhauled and repaired. Terms reasonable. All work guaranteed.

ED LAWRENCE.

Marks & Green's Mill.

Sick Headache.

This distressing ailment results from a disordered condition of the stomach. The best and most effective cure is a dose of two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. In fact, the attack is usually caused by a dose of these Tablets as soon as the first symptom of an attack appears. Sold by C. J. Hayden.

WATCH FOR BARGAINS!

During 1905 watch the columns of The Sun for advance bargains, and during the year you will save several dollars. No merchant has ever yet quoted high prices through the columns of a newspaper. It is the low-priced merchant who talks to the people through the newspaper.